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WHO ANANIAS WAS.



CLERGYMAN writes to Speaker Cannon's private secretary to explain that from the Biblical standpoint to call a man an Ananias is not necessarily to say unkind things about him. He adds that if the members of Congress were to go to the library they might find "in an old and much neglected book called the Bible" the facts about the two Ananiases of those days.

The learned clergyman, however, does not seem familiar with all the Biblical Ananiases, because he says in his letter "there were two Ananiases diametrically different." He mentions only the first Ananias who lied to Peter and the other Ananias whom the Lord sent to Saul, of Tarsus, when he was smitten near Damascus. A clergyman seeking to enlighten politicians ignorant of the Bible should not have fallen into the error of overlooking the High Priest Ananias before whom Paul appeared, as described in the twenty-third chapter of Acts.

There are at least three Ananiases referred to in the New Testament, the Ananias who was Sapphira's husband, the Ananias who lived in Damascus, and who was "a devout man according to the law," and the High Priest Ananias who "commanded them that stood by him to smite him on the mouth. Then said Paul unto him, God shall smite thee, thou whited wall; for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?"



The Ananias whose name most frequently appears in the Bible is the good Ananias described in one place as "a certain disciple at Damascus," and in another place as "a devout man according to the law."

This was the Ananias who was instructed in a vision to "Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus; for, behold, he prayeth. And hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight."

No reference is made to any Ananias being married except the familiar character after whom President Roosevelt's club is named. The story of him and his fate reads:

But a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira, his wife, sold a possession.

And kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet.

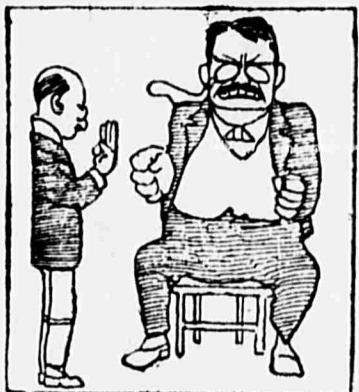
But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land?

Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? And after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God.

And Ananias hearing these words fell down and gave up the ghost; and great fear came on all them that heard these things.

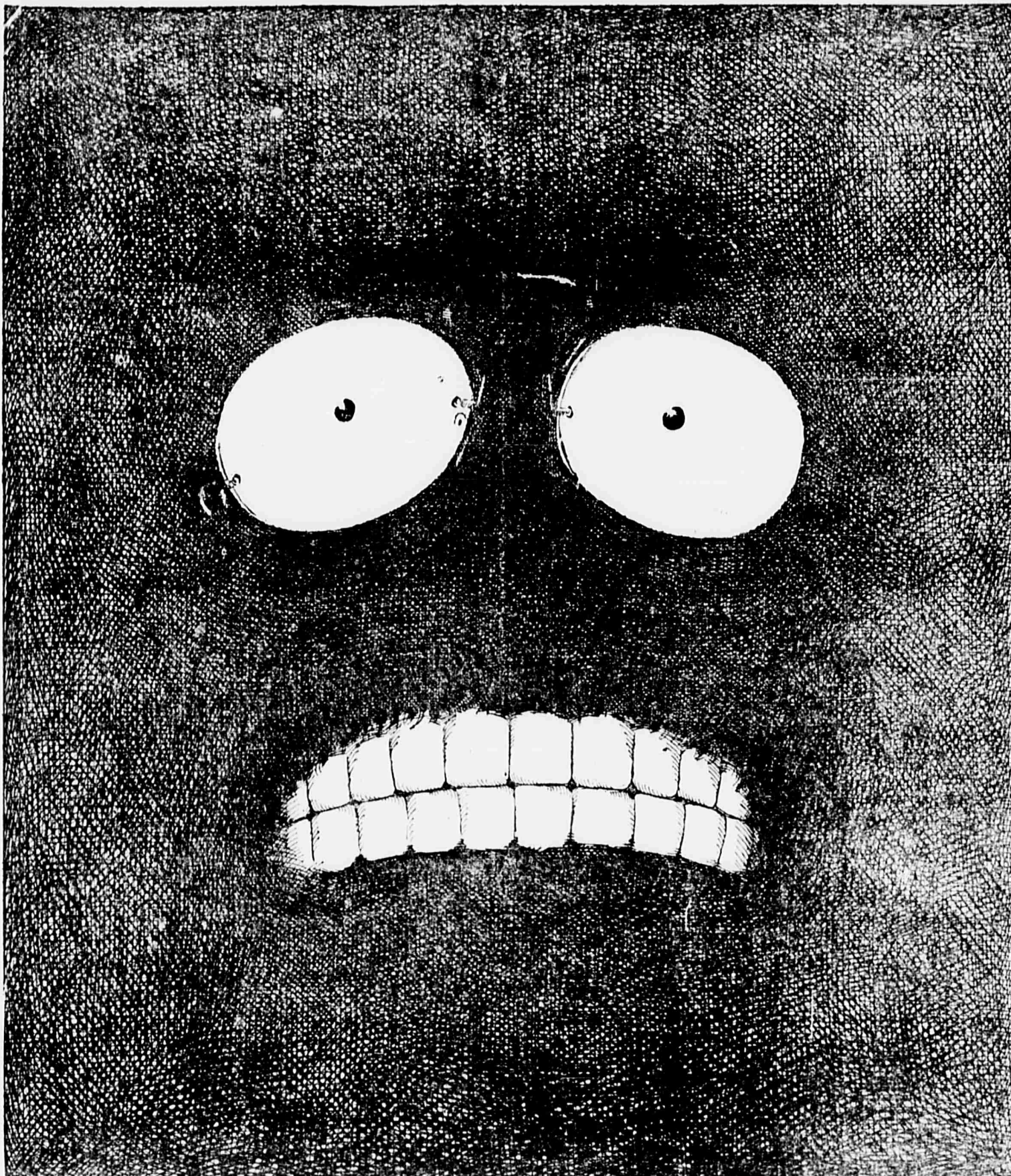
And the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him.

How many vacancies there would be in public life should such a reckoning come to-day!



Secret Service.

By Maurice Ketten.



Mr. Jarr Is Nice--in Fact, He Is Very Nice--to a Grass Widow, On Account of Which There Is an Earthquake in the Jarr Home

By Roy L. McCardell.



"NOW, really, I've a good mind not to speak to you!" said Mrs. Jarr with mock seriousness, "and the children asking about you every day, too!"

Mrs. Jarr, the fair, slender widow, who lived in the apartments above the Jarrs, smiled her sweetest.

"Why, I thought you were trying to tell me," she said, "that I was a good girl."

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Jarr warmly. "I was just speaking to Mr. Jarr about you to-day and he said, 'What can be the matter with Mrs. Jarr? Have we done anything to offend her? I met her in the hall and she gave me a cold bow.'"

This was news to Mrs. Jarr. Every time she met Mr. Jarr, when his wife wasn't around, he was more than genial. But she wisely held her peace about this. As for Mr. Jarr, he had said something of the kind when Mrs. Jarr had occasion to inquire why he had been so long coming upstairs at times when Mrs. Jarr was going down.

"Well, I will drop in to see you and

the children. I suppose they got the things I sent them Christmas?" said Mrs. Jarr, who was as good hearted as she was blond headed, only being good hearted was a natural attribute.

"Get the things?" repeated Mrs. Jarr. "Why, I had the greatest difficulty in keeping them from going upstairs and bothering you, they were so pleased and wanted to thank you. My little girl is just in love with you, and my little boy admires you so much that were he some fifteen years older!"

Mrs. Jarr shook her finger at Mrs. Jarr, but smiled. She was a natural born flirt, and no matter how young or old an admirer might be Mrs. Jarr let nothing escape her between the ages of sixteen and sixty.

Now, Mrs. Jarr had been chiding for some time past when meeting Mrs. Jarr, but she had noticed an old beau of the lady upstairs paying attention to her. He was in the theatrical business and liberal with theatre tickets, which often, in times past, Mrs. Jarr had sent the surplusage of down to the Jarrs.

When Mr. Jarr came home Mrs. Jarr said: "That Kittingly woman is going to be here again tonight! Dear me! I thought we were rid of her, but I suppose you have been chatting with her and asking her why she doesn't come to see us?"

"Met" asked Mrs. Jarr in surprise. "She's a trouble maker. I bid her the

time of day if I met her and she speaks to me first, and that's all. None of those blond grass widows for me!"

He said that with so much virtuous indignation that Mrs. Jarr was for the moment convinced.

"Well, for goodness sake don't be rude to her when she comes. She is crazy after every man she sees, but the poor creature has had a most unhappy life, and I don't blame her for being a flirt, the way her husband carried on!" This is the usual wife indignation that her own husband better have a care, or desperate remedies may be taken.

"Aw, I'm going out," said Mr. Jarr. "You can entertain her."

"You stay here, and you be civil to her. That won't be hard, you're civil enough to her when I'm not around. So don't be a hypocrite, don't be two-faced!" said Mrs. Jarr, and then she went out to tell the children to thank Mrs. Jarr for the candy and toys she had sent them. This being news to the children, the lady's efforts having been classed simply as "From Santa Claus."

Mrs. Jarr came down later in a most bewitching costume. "You sit right down there and talk with Mrs. Jarr while I make a claret cup," said Mrs. Jarr.

When she returned Mr. Jarr was telling some joke to the fair caller, and both were laughing heartily.

The domestic barometer immediately veered from "Set fair" to "Frost" followed by intense cold.

Sensing this, the visitor slipped at her claret cup and then suddenly started and said her maid was out and she could hear her little dog "just crying his heart out."

"The door was no sooner closed behind the grass widow than Mrs. Jarr burst into tears.

"Why, what's the matter?" gasped the astounded Mr. Jarr.

"Don't speak to me! Don't you dare speak to me!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "You invite that woman here when you know the sort she is--because you know the sort she is! Don't speak to me!"

"But I didn't ask her here, and you told me to sit by her and entertain her!" replied Mr. Jarr in amazement.

But Mrs. Jarr's only reply was that if that was the sort he liked, why hadn't he married that sort! And in his own home, too!

And there you are.

Not What He Supposed.

"SOME" a bitter disappointment!"

"I was just learned what 'Gutter-dammering' really means! Such a 'cruel, cruel disillusion!'"

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.



IN the modern game of love hearts may be trumps—but it helps immensely to be able to flash a few diamonds.

Nowadays a man looks upon flirtation as just a lot of red tape through which he has to go in order to kiss a girl.

Don't worry if your husband regards you as "a little fool," because that's probably the reason why he married you.

A soothsayer has warned us to beware of red-headed women on Jan. 7. Of course! but why didn't she include the other 365 days?

When a girl allows a man to catch her under the mistletoe without any trouble, he may kiss her—but somehow he feels just as bored and regretful about it as though his partner had trumped his ace.

How is a girl going to know what a man means by his attentions—when half the time he doesn't know himself?

A man's idea of a perfectly modest, innocent girl is one who knows enough to blush at things she oughtn't to know anything about.

You can never make a man believe that the way to sew on a button is not to stab it through the heart as though it were an enemy and then strangle it by winding the thread around its neck.

Marriage—a solemn contract to quarrel with one particular person for life.

Nixola Greeley-Smith

Says the Judge Who Stood by the Kiss Is Now "The Landis of the Lovelorn."



HALL to Judge Adams of the Cleveland Juvenile Court! For this learned Justice has rendered a decision whereby it is hereafter and forever legal to kiss.

The learned opinion was rendered when a Cleveland father had his sixteen-year-old daughter summoned to court for kissing her fiancé good night in the parental presence after she had been discovered sitting on the young man's lap and the youth had been ordered from the house.

"I'm sorry," said the Judge to the complainant, "because, really, I'm afraid you haven't studied up the laws of courtship. They are the only ones applicable to this case and they do not make kissing or sitting on a lean's lap a misdemeanor. Complaint dismissed!"

Heretofore the legal status of the kiss has been rather questionable. We have read frequently of fines being imposed by an unsympathetic court on couples whose feelings led them to embrace in public. Also kisses have occasioned many successful suits for damages on the part of ladies who could establish that they suffered the salute unwillingly.

Whether or not the novelty of legal sanction will tend to promote and popularize the pastoral pastime of kissing is a question which I at least must answer negatively.

Much has been written about the mystery, the lure, the very superior sweetness of stolen kisses. Certainly the secret and surreptitious quality of the kiss has contributed to the almost universal favor it finds among us. If one may kiss publicly, in the very teeth of parental ire, what will be the use?

With the approval of the courts the kiss will be an everyday commodity, a matter-of-fact merchandise, which may be bartered or exchanged like butter and eggs.

The next little row we, as a nation, have with our neighbors, the Government may impose a war tax on kissing, and engaged or merely loving couples may have to go about with a little book of war stamps and conscientiously fear one off every time they kiss.

Through we admit the justice and the courage of Judge Adams' opinion, and must hail him among jurists as the Landis of the Lovelorn, let us not rejoice too early, for parents may yet appeal to the higher courts and have the decision reversed.

In the interests of our individual privileges we might deplore such a reversal, but should the Higher Sentiment be sacrificed to the bare comfort of the individual?

What is it that has two legs, feathers and backs like a dog?" asked Sam Bernhardt, a few years ago. The answer, "a chicken," brought the indignant protest, "But a chicken doesn't bark like a dog!" "I know that," Mr. Hoggensheimer replied, "I put that in to make it difficult."

In dealing with human emotions is just another Mr. Hoggensheimer. If we eliminate the things that are put in to make love difficult—stern parents, poverty, etc.—what will it amount to. Surely, it will be asavorless as sermons, or suffragette meetings, or any of the other excellent things of which we all approve.

The Story of the Operas.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 20—BRETON'S "LA DOLORES."

IN the market square of Calatayud, in Spain, stood the inn of old Mother Gaspara. The inn had good custom. Not because of its wines, but of the pretty waitress, Dolores, who served them. Half of the town was in love with Dolores and the fame of her beauty had spread far and wide. Patrizio, richest man in Calatayud, wooed her in vain. So did Celemino, the town busybody. But also, in secret, did Lazzarro, only son of Mother Gaspara. Lazzarro was studying for the clergy. But he had once been a bull-fighter and under his black cassock a hot heart still beat.

Lazzarro, a gorgeous sergent, once stopped with his men overnight at the inn. He had heard of Dolores and sought an introduction to her. But while he was still breathing heavy compliments into her indifferent ear, she turned away to speak to a newcomer—Melchiorre, the barber.

Dolores and Melchiorre had long been betrothed. The girl had just heard that he was to marry a woman of wealth. She questioned him with piteous eagerness, begging him to deny the report. Laughingly, he admitted it was true. She threatened him. He laughed the more. Turning to a throng of merry-makers who had danced into the inn, Melchiorre shouted to them that Dolores had a kiss for all. Maddened, the girl swore to avenge the brutal insult. . . .

Lazzarro, finding the unhappy Dolores alone in the inn courtyard after the revelers had gone, stammered forth the tale of his love. She heard him with amazement. For she had looked upon him merely as a shy young divinity student who had no thoughts save for religion. She told him very kindly that she could not care for him, and was saying farewell to the lad when Celemino, who was listening at the gate, called in the crowd to "hear how a priest made love." Lazzarro seized the eavesdropper by the throat, shook him to strangulation, then hurled him across the courtyard. Dolores began to look at the bashful youth with new eyes.

Patrizio had arranged a bullfight in honor of Dolores. Rojas, to win her admiration, asked leave to kill the bull. He entered the arena, but ran away when the bull charged him, and was only saved from death by Lazzarro, who leaped in front of the panic-stricken soldier and slew the maddened bull.

Acclaimed by the populace and carried on their shoulders, Lazzarro returned to the inn. Dolores whispered to him to meet her in the inn living room at a certain hour that evening. She had made appointments for the same hour and place with Rojas, Patrizio and Melchiorre. The barber had made a bet with Patrizio and the soldier that he could win Dolores' forgiveness. He had then pretended to repent of his insult, and she, believing him, had made the appointment. Learning later from Rojas and Patrizio how she had been tricked, she made a similar appointment with each of them. Now, she was engaged to meet four men at the same time, each of whom thought he alone was thus honored. . . .

On colorful reflection Dolores realized that Lazzarro might become involved in a dangerous quarrel if he and Melchiorre should meet at the trying place. So she persuaded Gaspara to send the young man away to the theological seminary before the hour of the appointment. But Lazzarro crept back and renewed his love vows to Dolores.

While the two were talking Melchiorre's voice was heard outside. Dolores begged Lazzarro to avoid a quarrel by going away. He obeyed reluctantly, and Melchiorre swaggered into the living room. The barber spoke insultingly to Dolores. Lazzarro, who had been listening outside the window, leaped into the room and challenged Melchiorre to a duel. He and the barber went into an adjoining room for their fight, slamming the door against the frantic Dolores. The girl's shrieks brought the townspeople running to the inn. As they entered, Lazzarro emerged, panting and disheveled from the further room. Celemino, dashing past him, beheld Melchiorre's body on the ground.

"Melchiorre is murdered!" he cried, aghast.

"Murdered by me!" replied Dolores, defiantly, seeking to shield her lover.

"It is a lie!" broke in Lazzarro, "it was I who killed him. He invited the woman I love, and I punished him."

Letters From the People

Osteopathy Again.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
For the information of your correspondent signing "Ignorant," and asking about osteopathy: I was told by two physicians, four years ago, that I would not live more than five years—probably not more than three—and would never do another day's work. I am now well and doing as much work as I did thirty years ago, the result of osteopathic treatment. I can cite many cases of persons cured or helped by osteopathy. Induced by me to try the science.

GEORGE M. JACQUE

Value of a Pearl.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I learn if there is any value to a pearl that I found in an oyster, and where can I sell it?

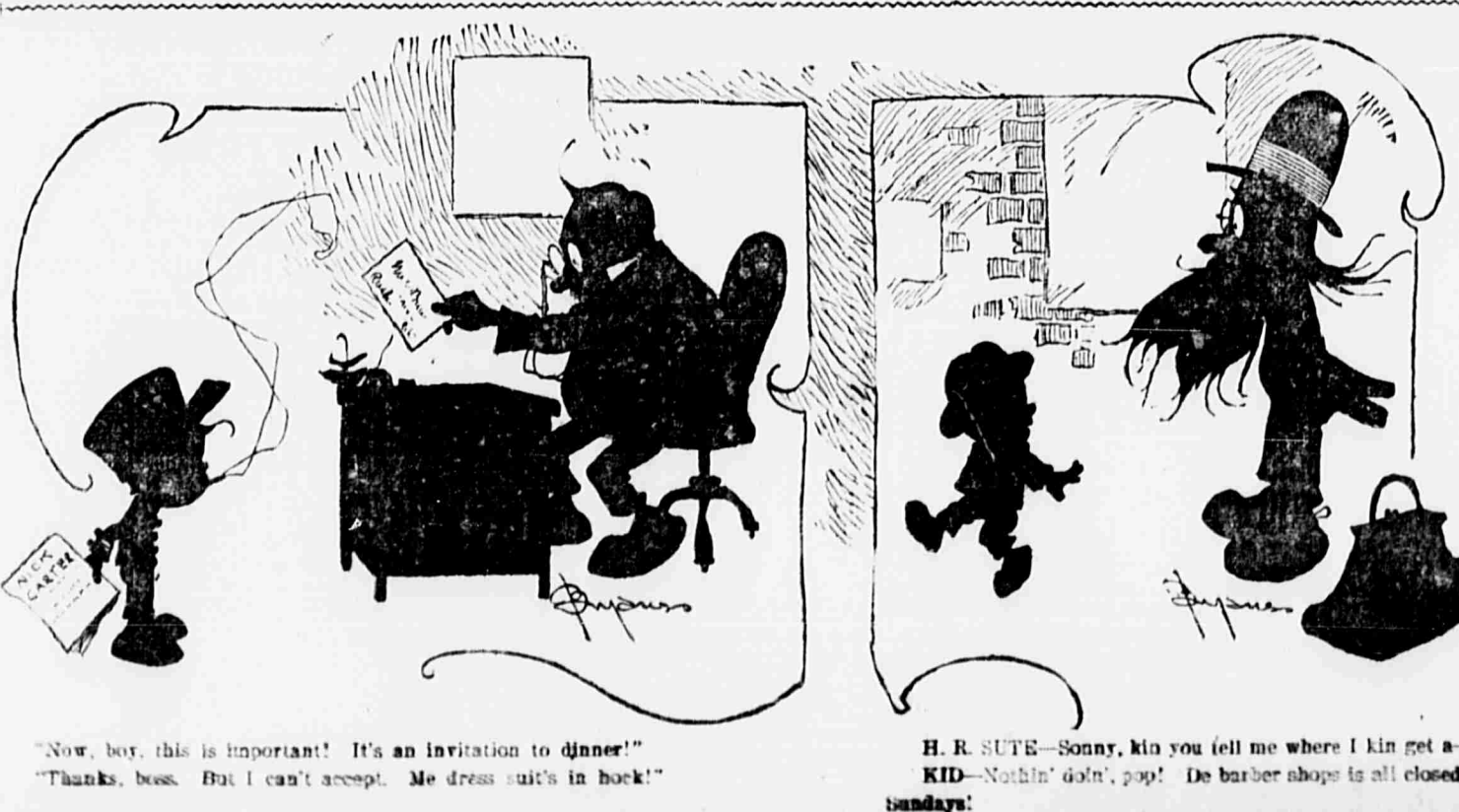
H. A.

Any reputable jeweller can appraise the pearl for you and can tell you where to find a purchaser.

In Uncle Sam's Punishment.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I saw a letter from a mother asking advice about her unruly boy. I am eighteen years old. Four years ago I ran away from home. I was the black sheep of the family. I had a good father, sisters and brothers, and as an stepmother. She was all a mother could be to us all. But they could do nothing with me. I went from bad to worse. Threshings and kindness could not make

The Boys of 1909

By J. K. Bryans



"Now, boy, this is important! It's an invitation to dinner!"

"Thanks, boss. But I can't accept. Me dress suit's in lock!"

H. R. SUTE—Sonny, kin you tell me where I kin get a—

KID—Nothin' doin', pop! De barber shops is all closed on Sundays!

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